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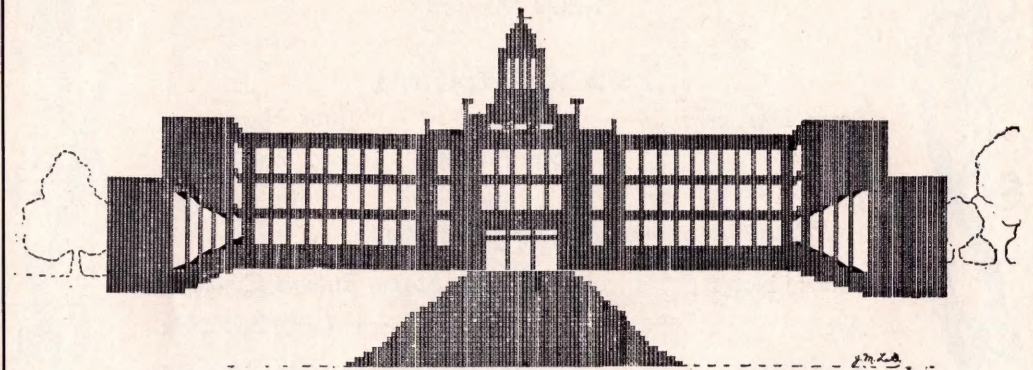
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EDITORIALS

Teen Agers as Equals

By Peter Russo, '65

THE life of the teen-ager (or adolescent, as referred to in more sophisticated circles) tends to be looked upon by adults as a time of joy, happiness, and truly great times. In these supposed good times, there are no problems of finding a job, paying the rent, or facing the high and rising cost of living. But this general feeling by our middle-age elders forgets what in reality is the true meaning of life—the facing up to and bearing of endless problem after problem. And I am sure that any teen-ager will testify that we are not excluded from this circle.

An excellent example of the plight of the teen-ager is his justified concern for his plans after high school. In many cases, because of the ever-increasing competition for jobs in our modern society, he may plan to further his education at some school or college. Now he must consider what this school desires in its applicants which in most cases is good marks, high rank in class, good college board scores, and extracurricular activities.

Good marks and rank in class go almost hand in hand. If you have these good marks you undoubtedly will rank high in your class. But what must the student do to attain these grades? In brief he must keep up daily with each and every one of his five major subjects and the homework incurred by each subject. This is a task in itself, in that two to three hours of homework and more is not uncommon. To go along with this, educators agree that to do the best work possible, the student should and must be mentally alert for his daily work. If a student should slip up just one night and not get to bed until a late hour, he is literally sunk for the next day. He comes to school tired and his awareness of what goes on is sharply decreased. He yawns and views the ominous face of the

clock as it impassively makes its trek to the next hour. He may not only suffer this day but in days subsequent to it in which work from that first day is needed and required.

With the recent stress upon extracurricular activities by schools and colleges, the student faces yet another vital prerequisite. These activities may range anywhere from student government or clubs and organizations to intramural and varsity sports. A frequent problem in this category is the case where two meetings occur at the same time. In each case our bulletin (which is the media for announcing such activities) specifically may state that attendance at both is "mandatory," implying that absence from one means expulsion from that organization. What is the student to do? He has no other course than to choose that meeting which is more important to him and lose membership in the other.

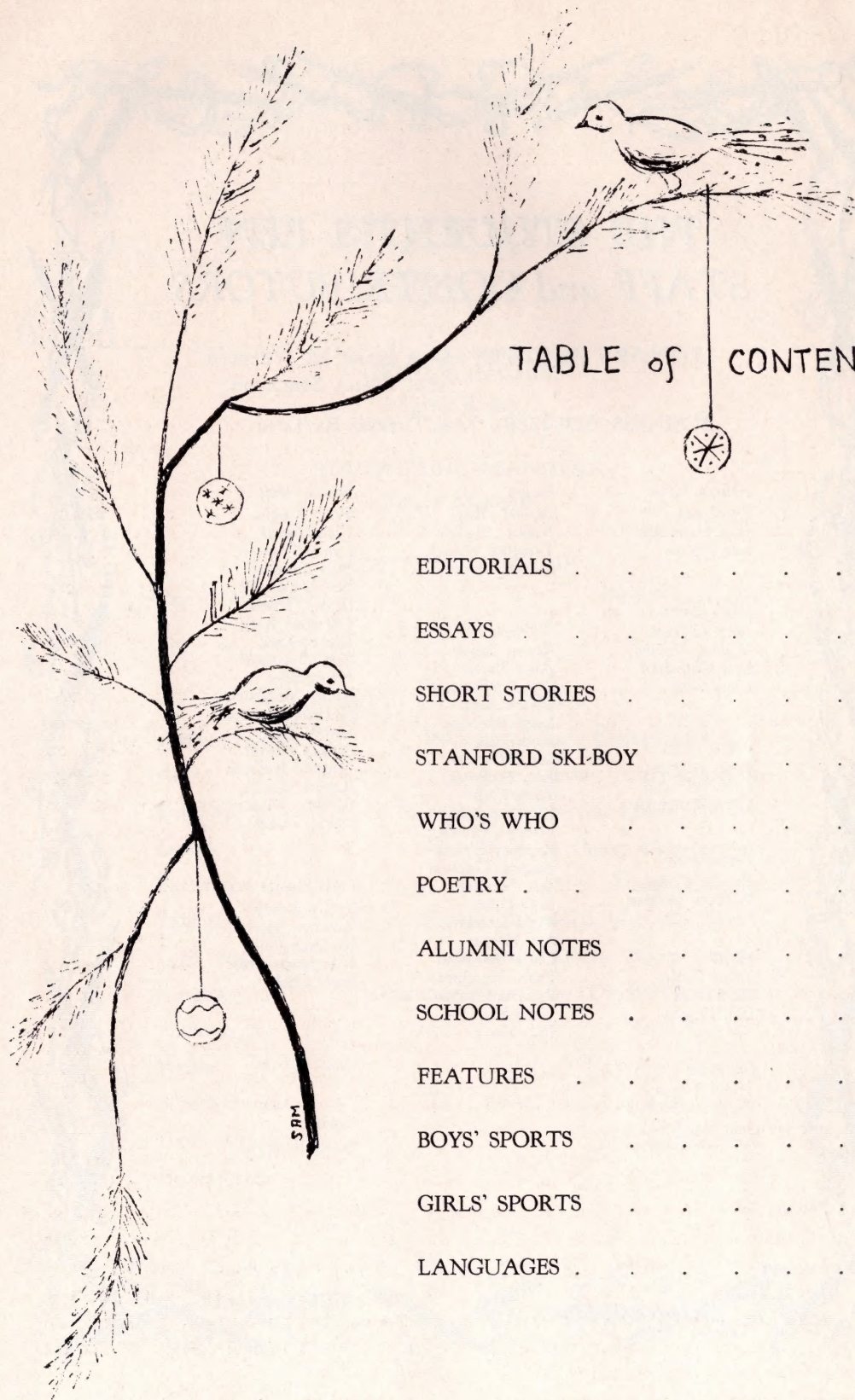
Often, colleges also print book lists which students should have read before entrance to the college. It's not bad enough that there's this long list before the student—it is implemented even more by that nagging English teacher who exhorts the student to read, read, read. How can the student do it with the regular homework and extra curricular activities? The question is often answered: "he must do his best."

Then there's the college boards. The regular aptitude tests covering English and mathematics are not easy. Too, the comprehensive achievement tests in all areas of study are required by many schools. Much worry and cramming often goes into the study for these; the student knowing he must do well in order to be accepted at the college of his choice.

On the other hand, the teen-agers' life is

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not completely full of these problems. He has his dances, parties, and freedoms with which to "let off some steam" after a trying week in school. True, there are those who let off a little too much steam and end up "in a jam." But, as in all other age groups, these people are in a minority.

So, in reality, teen-agers should be considered as members of society, not as separate individuals, confused outsiders looking in. For, he too has his hopes, fears, anxieties, and dreams that every human being possesses.

Joy to the World

By Judy Nadelberg, '65

AH, IT'S that Christmas season again, with its bright lights, gaudy red and green window displays, "Joy to the world that will be five ninety-eight please," and little bit of goodness mixed in. Here at school we pause to look at the decorated lobby, rehearse for a Christmas pageant which is lost upon most of us, and push and shove in an effort to reach our next class. At the end of school we rush down poorly sanded steps and over fellow students in our hurry to moulder at the foot of those steps with those friends. Ah, that bright and joyous time of year!

When was the last time one of us held a door open for another student just for the sake of the act alone or picked up someone else's dropped package, or said those most awful of words, "Excuse me," upon knocking into someone? It's true, especially this year in school, that one cannot help almost trampling smaller students or, for that matter, smaller teachers, but it certainly does not help matters any if the offender merely gives his victim a dirty look, especially if that victim is a teacher. And, while we are on the subject of tramping, how about those manic students who go up down stairs and down up ones during the changing-class stampede! They are the real culprits, those young individuals who sneak around, causing acci-

dents on the stairs, harsh words, and the rising blood pressures of all teachers and students concerned. Is this a part of the feeling of Christmas or of any other time for that matter? It should not be.

It would take very little on our part to correct these matters: just a slight upturning of the corners of one's mouth, a less glassy stare when observing the little red arrows above the doorways, and a little bit of respect for everyone concerned. Is the effort that great? I do not think that we would be taxed too much, and besides, the meaning of Christmas would become a little more a part of us.



From the *Changing Times*:

Today's traveler is safe from peril except in a few remaining primitive areas—some mountains in the West, some swamps in the South, some subways in New York.

One type of driver always gives you the right of way at an intersection. He's the one feeling guilty about what he did at the last intersection.

Talk about lucky coincidences. The average adult has about 3,000 square inches of skin, which is just enough to cover him.

If you don't know what house-broken means, you've never owned one.

The news from Viet Nam and Laos makes it plain. The Far East isn't nearly far enough.

Most people never come closer to perfection than when they're filling out a job application.

From the *Chicago Tribune*

Co-ed: "You can't tell about men—either they're so slow you want to scream, or so fast you have to."

ESSAYS

Ski Fever

By Terrence Hanlon, '67

EACH winter New England witnesses a strange phenomenon as its citizens change from normal people and, in the grip of a strong compulsion, take to the hills on their skis. The first snow brings them out by the thousand, all ready and eager to risk frost bite, fractures and concussions, all in the name of their glorious sport.

To some, of course, skiing is just a pastime, but we will speak of the "real" skier, the one for whom the summer holds no charm. He loves only the great expanse of powder snow lying white and cold, and the lowering clouds that winter brings. The world, for him, is on the ski slopes. He is an addict, destined to spend his life trying to satisfy an insatiable need.

A close look at the ski fanatic will show that he does not aspire to be a millionaire or president or top scholar in his class, but to ski two hundred dollars worth on a seventy-five dollar lift ticket.

How does one become a compulsive skier? In some cases it is the result of associating with companions who are already "hooked." Many times the trouble can be traced directly to the parents. So it goes—from generation to generation.

Innocent in the beginning, the potential ski addict sees the sport as relatively harmless. A cold, stormy day will find him curled up with a good book. This stage is all too short.

One morning while he is peacefully pushing his splintery skis about in the snow a whole new world comes into focus, and then it is too late to turn back, for in one split second he, too, is "hooked" and will never again be quite the same.

Suddenly he knows that his skis are wrong. Boots, poles and old fishing jacket are no longer satisfactory. Off he slinks from the crowds to invest a king's ransom in new equipment. Only the most expensive will do, and during the purchasing period he starts to learn a whole new language. He practices it with growing confidence.

From here in it is all downhill. No longer can he stay at home on stormy days. Blinking watery eyes into the wind and blowing on frosty fingers, we find him skimming along the trails looking for new heights to conquer. On he goes through the all too short season, learning new techniques, trying the more expert trails, traveling to far off ski areas to test his skill on new and more dangerous slopes.

But all good things must come to an end. Come mid-March, the sun gets higher, the snow turns to slush, and the skier, after one or two excursions to higher mountains for a last fling, gives up the ghost and sadly puts his ski equipment in dry dock till another winter rolls around.

For him there is no substitute for skiing. In the off season he may try fishing, golf or tennis, but he always finds himself marking the days and waiting for next December.

It is an awful fate, and one to be avoided. So watch yourself! Be careful! You are safe from this dread affliction if you can wait until late November to check your ski equipment. But if on some fine September Saturday you find yourself poking around in the basement looking for your skis, checking your waxes and trying on your ski boots to see if they still fit, watch out!

What Has Happened To Christmas

By Nancy Dudley, '66

AS SOON as the grinning jack-o-lanterns have been removed from the display windows of the city, grinning Santa Clauses take their places, laughing, smiling, spreading their good cheer, and helping the stores to sell their merchandise.

The storefronts are lined with bright green wreaths and loud red bells. Glaring electric lights, in all colors illuminate the store windows and shining silver trees revolve on merry-go-round bases, looking modern and easy-to-assemble, much more practical than an old, sticky, aromatic evergreen tree.

The street lights are decked with mounds of synthetic holly, and the streets are canopied with rows and rows of plastic bells, Santa Claus faces, and yellow-flamed candles. On every street corner, standing over his gaping kettle and clanging his noisy brass bell, is the invincible Santa Claus, garbed in the roaring red suit and snowy simulated beard of his trade. A woman, satiated with ephemeral and sophisticated love and generosity, pauses to drop some change into the kettle, and look around at the gaudy array, sighing blissfully to herself, "Isn't Christmas wonderful?"

Well, isn't it? Isn't it wonderful when the city puts on its red and green mask and sings joyful, merchandise-promoting jingles over the radio? Isn't it wonderful when, once a year, the fortunate families of the city wrap up their cans of cranberry sauce and their useful gifts of combs, hair ribbons, and rubber balls, and go "calling" on the poor, cold, hungry, less fortunate people, spreading their hypocritical good cheer? Isn't it marvelous that all the children grow up knowing the true meaning of Christmas—the arrival of Santa Claus on Christmas Eve? And isn't it strange, amidst all the glare and glitter, to

see a drab, unobtrusive box, containing a man, woman, and child, whose presence is vaguely reminiscent of an obsolete, almost forgotten Christmas custom?

Perhaps it is strange, and occasionally uncomfortably so; but in our glorious felicity, we never let this shabby box bother us too much. After all, it just doesn't fit into the true Christmas spirit of throwing parties and giving expensive, impressive gifts. Neither are we bothered by the righteous old prudes who mumble indistinctly among themselves things like—"Give Christmas back to Christ!" After all, who is Christ?

American Economy In Relation To Tootsie-Pop

By Donald Roy, '65

THE maneuvers of American manufacturers are so subtle that today many American citizens are wholly unaware of a recent and distressing development in commercial chicanery. I first suspected that something was amiss only a few weeks ago. To confirm my suspicion I journeyed backward in time and proceeded again into the present in slow motion. Within the lapse of the few years which I reviewed it is evident that American economy has sustained a crippling blow.

I will state the results of my analysis in a form of Malthusian proportion with inflections of analogy:

The rate of decline of American economy is directly proportional to the time now required to reach the center of a tootsie-pop.

Everyone is familiar with tootsie-pops. But how many are aware of the gradual protraction of the pop and the concomitant wane of the tootsie? There was a time in our history when tootsie and pop were on an equal footing. But now, because of the steady ad-

vance of materialism in our society, the chocolate soul of the tootsie-pop has been repressed by a vastly greater quantity of hard, relentless pop. Yes, the cheaper candy pop glazes the sweet, chewy, tootsie center with an effect of indifference and corruption.

It is sad that this is true. But it is more so that this will worsen, long before it improves. I foresee the total annihilation of the tootsie, and the complete domination of the pop. In fact, I predict a society, a police state, in which the tootsie no longer exists. We face a bleak future of pop-pops.

There are, however, brief moments of unchecked optimism, unmitigated idealism, in which I envision a society wherein the tootsie is reinstated, and perhaps, the pop is eliminated. I restively await a Nirvana of tootsie-tootsies.

It is a sad commentary on our time.

Why Must School Conflict With Skiing

By Lorraine Sage, '67

IN SEPTEMBER and October summer departs. Leaves turn glorious shades of crimson, gold and blazing oranges, falling to the ground one by one. The warm days of summer tiptoe silently away, and are replaced by the chilly days of autumn.

Soon, as our window panes begin to rattle and creak from the wind, and the cold air becomes more intense, snow flakes begin to fall. Slowly the ground is covered with a glittering white frosting. Suddenly—Hurray!—the ski lifts are once again in operation. Ski enthusiasts from novice to expert are in a tizzy, waxing skis, and checking to see that last year's fur hat has not been turned into a feast for hungry moths. Children eagerly await those skis which were ordered but have not yet arrived. Christmas or Chanukah—

the happy holidays which mean new things for skiing and fun.

But wait a minute, you can't go skiing tomorrow, it's Monday and that means only one thing—school. The dismay of it all. Oh, well, next weekend will be here soon enough and then just think—two whole days of blissful skiing! Oh dear, I can't go then either because I must read the last half of that five hundred page book and write a report, and oh yes, there will be tests in math and in science.

"Help! Help! Help!" cries the poor skier who has little time for his beloved sport. He must suffer, and on top of it all, watch from a class room window minute figures of skiers swishing down snow covered hills; or, like me, hear the steady stream of cars on South Mountain Road eagerly heading towards Bousquet's, while I am trying to keep geometric figures straight.

Memoriam

By Bruce Bookless, '65

WHO could think of death on a day like this? The sky was a deep azure blue and the sun shone brightly. The people were happy and light-hearted for it was to be a most wonderful day. No, death was the farthest thing from anyone's mind.

Then he came, riding astride his great golden eagle, and the people were awed, for it was an awesome thing to behold. It was magnificent. It was wonderful. It was he. And the sun shone brilliantly.

The people went wild with joy and he was given to walk on rose petals scattered lightly before his path. And the sun shone brighter. Then he ascended his golden chariot and rode majestically towards the meeting place, for there was to be a feast in his honor this day. The people were wild with excitement, and he was happy, for he loved them. And the sun shone brilliantly.

But Heaven turned its eyes for a moment

Continued on page 17

SHORT STORIES

The She-Wind

By Carol Sammons, '65

THE shrill sound of wild geese over the bay. Waves cut by jagged crags, hisses ominously. Wild wind slices through trees stripped of life. Significant snow flakes fall and are torn one way and then another by the strong she-wind. She howls through



branches, over rocks, over water, setting white caps eddying and tumbling angrily. She snarls and swishes around corners in the village, down chimney tops, whirling ashes into a child's lap, who sits warming hands over a crackling fire blazing with heat, fiercer than the wind. A turbulent raging out; a glowing warmth within.

Preparations for Christmas; crinkled scarlet paper, roasting goodness in hot oven, spicy pine rising elegantly in a large open room. Tinted glass bulbs and a calico cat are playmates; silver and gold ropes twine the fragrant tree, while eerie blue lights reflect in dark windows. Two or three children throw silvery shiny tinsel here and there, sometimes on the pine, more often on the

floor. A creamy sheet surrounds the tree, covering a blue rug, and holds several bulbs and a sleeping puppy. There is a special kind of feeling; an eve of Christmas atmosphere which spreads throughout the decorated room.

The tree dressed, a portrait of beauty; bright shimmery balls, glittering streams of tinsel, so like icicles, golden ropes encircling boughs, cranberries strung from branch to branch. create a freshness. White popcorn offers food to feathered birds balanced proudly on needled branches. Only the blue lights shine forth from the tree, casting a shadowy light over all. Two candles shine on a table, set for a simple meal—bread—meat; and then a story, the old favorite. All sleep, people, dog and cat; the house a shadowy stillness.

Outside, a mysterious change. A sharp dry coldness, quiet with soft snow under a black stariness. The she-wind sleeps while flakes laze their way to the ground, hugging and catching on lone trees. A footprint of a single animal is filled, another, until the winding path disappears. Onward comes the white coldness, as if flung angrily from the heavens. Onward, thrashing, violently, tugged by the newly awakened she-wind. Onward until morning and then, only wind.

Sleepy eyes and eager faces greet the heavy white cover, cries of pleasure, excitement accompanied by Christmas Day. A coffee cake warms, a fire snaps in enjoyment, teasing the she-wind who blows ashes in a child's lap. Crusty ice on the ponds, angry waters leap to cover the jaggedness along the shore while whirling snow makes dizzy circles. A turbulent rage without; within a glowing warmth . . .

The Post Solstice Affair or The Difficult Professor

Dear President of the Faculty,

This is written in regard to the recent series of events at Old Maut University. As a protege of the former Professor Samuel Barrister, and as a party to the happenings from their inception to their conclusion, I find myself the best qualified member of the student body to trace and perhaps explain the holiday disturbance.

Prof. Barrister was in the habit of accompanying some of his students to the Red Wasp after his last lecture. Last Wednesday, after noting the gay store windows, the Christmas trees, the bell ringing Santa Clauses and the signs "1 Shopping Day Left," he observed that it was surprising and somewhat depressing that the University had not made some show of light spirit. For indeed, as we all noted, even the Red Wasp had a decorated tree in its anterior.

Suddenly we realized that naught prevented us from celebrating in joyous manner. The administrators realized that the students staying over the holidays at Old Maut would make little pretense of studying. The Prof. delegated each of us to one of the tasks at hand. I was selected to head the decoration committee, Jacobs, the refreshment committee, and Blecker the arrangements.

We spent all of Thursday afternoon at our pursuits, preparing for the coming party. Perhaps the most interesting of the arrangements was the invitation to The Pouffle Finishing School, but I'll come to that later. I strung up the lights, aided by a few subservient sophomores who had dared remain at Maut over the vacation. Most likely my blowing the fuses for your office was the first inauspicious sign.

At suppertime we had completed almost all the decorations, and Jacobs was bringing in his refreshments, handily distilled in the chem lab. At this time we also received notice that the denizens of Pouffle were on their merry way, thanks to the commendable efforts of Mr. Blecker.

It is for the best that the faculty chose to have their Christmas Eve Supper off campus, or no doubt you would have to consider asking for their resignations also. The spirit of holiday mirth was so contagious that no doubt not even a severe reprimand from you could have prevented them from abandoning their dignity.

At about nine, the Pouffles came. The party proceeded merrily, with our effervescent Prof. the center of attention; indeed, the very fount of wit. But as Jacob's supplies of refreshment continued unabating, gaiety supplanted wit, and hilarity soon replaced gaiety. Before long the Professor was chasing skirts as enthusiastically as any.

I do realize that the administration must frown on such activities as those. I also can appreciate your being irate at being unable to find an unoccupied elevator, these being in continuous service due to the mistletoe hung in them. But frankly I cannot see that all this constitutes grounds for dismissing Professor Barrister. After all, as you are without doubt thankfully aware, Christmas comes but once a year.

Respectfully yours,

Mark Schlawin, '65

Mr. Leahy—What is $Ba + Na_2$?
Phil W.—Banana?

The Woven Cloth

By Celia Mandell, '66

A CRUNCHED-UP old lady is sitting at a spinning wheel in a room in which there is not any space for the sunlight. A faded, grey, crocheted shawl resembling a spider's web is all that is clearly visible. On her right is a spool of cotton that is quietly screaming as it trips along its way up the wheel. As the thread passes her hand, she shrinks back as one shrinks back as a black cat passes. This scene looks like a living nightmare.

But one can tell it is not a nightmare, as one feels the dampness creeping about the room. One's eyes are then focused on the spinning wheel. The wheel yells as though it is being executed as the cotton passes through it. One can almost hear the guns of execution and feel the pain that the spinning wheel is encountering. One's eyes become hypnotized by the continual whirring of the wheel, and suddenly the whirring stops like a car crashing into a brick wall.

The wretched woman grabs her finished product and crawls to a cast iron kettle near the glowing coals. The steaming black herbs in the kettle engulf the cloth. She drags the cloth from the black ink; then crackling she examines her work.

She had created an immense piece of intertwining black cloth. Each thread overlooks the other so that no light can be seen through the cloth. Mother Hate limps back to create more of her dark, black, intertwining monster. Her work is eternal, because love and hate will constantly be wrestling with each other.

'Spirit'

By Bruce Bookless, '65

A TREE. Not a very big one, just a small, full spruce. But where could one find a fir tree in a hardwood forest? There has to be some softwoods.

Struggling across the field through waist-deep drifts, the old man labored to the top

of a small knoll, and stared in surprise. There nestled in the snow-bound glade stood a five-foot spruce. It didn't seem quite natural, but there it was and he was going to take it. As he started down the gentle slope a white cottontail ambled from under the tree. The old man stopped and appraised the scene anew. The pure white snow rested like light, fluffy cotton on the boughs of the tree, and the way it was situated like that, in the middle of nowhere, gave it an almost sacred aura. He couldn't cut it. He didn't know why, but he just couldn't cut it. He reasoned with himself that ornamentation symbolizes nothing, that the true spirit is found in the heart, where it can be appreciated privately, without gaudy lights and gaping people.

With this justification the old man turned his back, and started back down the knoll, when a long, almost thankful sigh reached his ears. Astonished, he spun around to see the tree bowing ever so slightly in his direction. "Just the wind," he muttered, "just the wind." and hastily retreated back across his path in the glade.



Sue—What would happen if you swallowed uranium?

Brian—You'd get atomic ache.

Kathie—What happens to a duck when he flies upside down?

Debi—He quacks up.

John (Bull)—What are two germs living together called?

Nancy—Cell mates.

Jimmy: Have you ever studied a blotter?

Jean Lemrac: No, Why?

Jimmy—It's very absorbing.

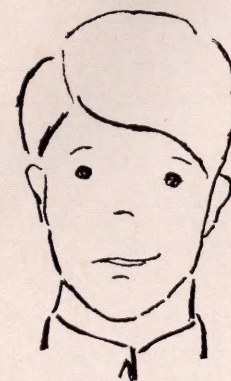
Mitch—How do you make a cigarette lighter?

Mike—I don't know.

Mitch—Simple. Take out the tobacco.

STANFORD SKI-BOY

by
Kathie Wineman
and
Gail Danckert



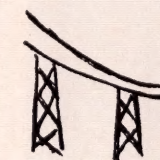
Hi! I'm Stanford Ski-boy,
all-time Alpine great.



But Coach Benedetti,
this pipe really does
improve my technique!



Ahccent? What ahccent,
man?



Pittsfield
State
Forest

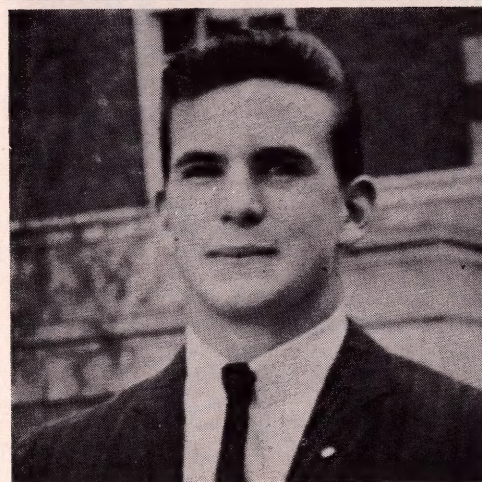
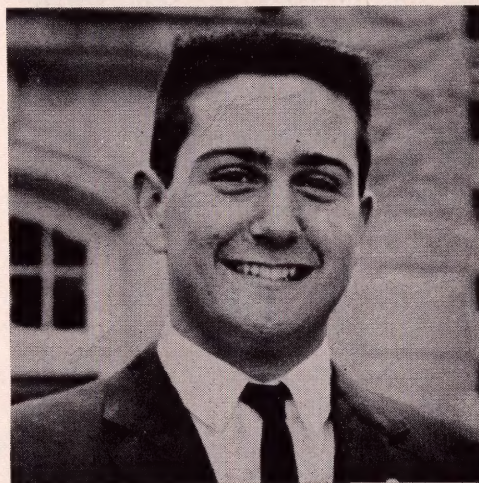
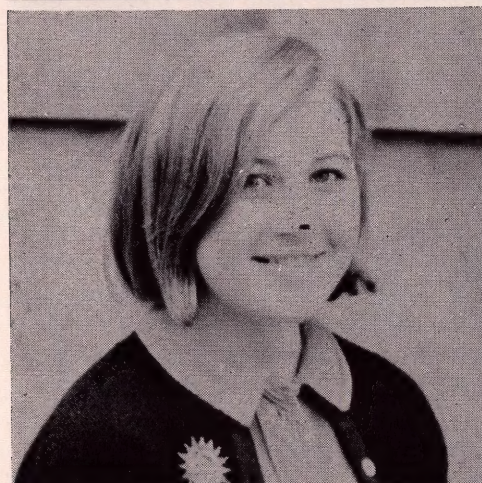


No, man, pipes never
kill you, only blondes.



Well, you
said not
to look
down,
Coach!

WHO'S WHO



AND WHY

PETER DANCKERT

Meet Peter Danckert, an associate editor of *THE STUDENT'S PEN*. He is also an assistant editor for classroom scenes of *The Dome*. His main field of interest is music, as is proven by his membership in the P.H.S. band, orchestra, and dance band.

Peter, a College Prep senior taking the honors English program, plans to major in English at college.

KATHIE WINEMAN

Kathie Wineman is a well-known and very busy senior. Kathie has been in English honors for three years and was in Science honors as a sophomore. Since her sophomore year, Kathie has been the *Eagle* correspondent, and a member of both G.A.A. and Pep Club. During her sophomore and junior years, Kathie was a homeroom representative. Last year she was the assistant treasurer of the junior class, chairman of the Publicity Committee for the Junior Prom, and a member of the Ring Committee. Again, this year she is co-editor of *Features of THE PEN*. Also she is the activities editor for *The Dome* and is on the staff of *In General*. After graduation Kathie hopes to attend Mount Holyoke College.

JIM TREAT

One of the most popular students in the senior class is Jim Treat, who is in the College Prep course. During his sophomore year, Jim participated in the Pep Club and Student Council. In his junior year, Jim was elected class president. He was also a homeroom representative, a Pep Club representative, a member of the Student Council, Chemistry Club, and the Prom Decorating Committee. This year, Jim is a co-editor of *Features of In General* and is on the constitution committee of Pep Club. After graduation, Jim is planning to attend Boston University to study dentistry.

WENDY LINSKOTT

Even though Wendy Linscott is very active in school activities, she finds time to get good marks. For the past three years she has been on the Honor Roll and has carried both English and History honors.

Among her most important activities is her job of editor of *The Dome*. Also, she is an active member of the Pep Club, G.A.A., and on the staff of *THE PEN*. In her junior and senior years she has been a homeroom representative. Wendy plans to attend Wellesley College.

GENE CURLETTI

A member of the senior class who needs no introduction is Gene Curletti. Gene is in the College Prep course and has both biology and math honors. During his sophomore and junior years, he was a homeroom representative. Also in his junior year, Gene was vice-president of his class and a representative to Boys' State at the U. of M. This year Gene is a member of the Senior Class Council, on the staff of *In General*, co-editor of *Alumni Notes of THE PEN*, a member of the basketball team, and co-captain of the baseball team.

SUSAN MORLEY

Susan Morley is a very active senior who was recently elected secretary of the senior class. She has been a homeroom representative for three years and on the Student Council as a sophomore and junior. Also in her junior year, she was a member of the Class Council. A member of the Pep Club for three years, Sue was elected its secretary this year. She has also been a member of the G.A.A. for three years. She was the co-chairman of the Ring Committee and on the Decorating Committee for the Junior Prom. Looking forward to attending the U. of M. and studying Elementary Education, Sue is in the College Prep course.

POETRY

SONG

By Gail Brogan, '65

Don't ask me to sing my ballad of always
When now sings so shrill in my blood

(yesterday lushness
leaves ghost-voiced grasses
to dry silent clamor
and beg for
their now)

Unbearably weighted the bough has relin-
quished

Red-revel apples of autumnal now.

I know in my heart that there can be no
always

Soon will be gone the wine of my blood

(the brown brittle leaves
whisper death
in its coming
will swallow this autumn
soon ends our now)

And the parched whimper of wind knows
my longing

To keep in my heart this moment of now.

Then let us sing to the pulse of the present
Shriek to the roar of the rush of our blood

(Then watch how
reluctant the bough
to relinquish its vestige
of glory, its blazon
of now)

Soon will our summer, our autumn, our
winter

Cease to give way to the end of
our now.



CHRISTMAS

By Diane Curley, '65

The hustling, bustling in the stores;
The hurried feet, the laughs, the roars,
The Christmas cards, the ringing doors . . .

And

People have no time for tears
Midst all the fun and all the cheer.
Make young—it comes but once a year . . .

Christ

How wonderful this festive time
When this is yours and that is mine,
And all the world so free from crime . . .

Is

The same old world we see each day,
But brighter now and twice as gay
And we must make this spirit stay . . .

Born.

THE WINTER WIND

By Patricia Horelly, '65

The winter wind whistles
stopping the traffic of leaves
with a rush of snow.

He weaves through the trees
catching delinquent song birds
off their guard.

He polices old buildings
searching for minute cracks
in which to howl.

He pushes defiant scraps
losing himself in work
to disappear from sight.

The winter wind now waits
preparing to be summoned
again for winter duty.

"BRUMAL SOLITUDE"

By Patti Baker, '67

Nocturnal lights
Veiled grounds;
Endless squalls
Untamed, unbound.

Undraped trees
Frozen earth,
Masks of winter's
Early birth.

Thick-ribbed ice
Glazed fence;
Frigid stream
With no pretense.

This winter's paradise
Will always be,
From now until eternity.

Memoriam

Continued from page 9

and he was struck down. Struck down by Satan, doer of evil. And a great cry went up over the land, and the multitudes wept. But Satan laughed. And the sky darkened as the sun hid its face, as the world hid its face . . . in shame. His great golden eagle came and snatched him from his people's midst, the people he loved. Then it rained, and it rained, and it rained, for the Heavens cried, cried with the grief and shame of the multitudes below.

They buried him on a little hill overlooking the city he loved. And the wind blew cold, and the sky grew darker, and his people wept. The people he loved. His great golden eagle flew over him, the man it loved. And it faltered, and straightened, and flew on to its new master. And the wind blew warmer, the sky brightened as the sun shone forth its brilliance. Then his people left him, left him to rest in peace, while they strove for his goals.

ALUMNI NOTES

BERKSHIRE COMMUNITY COLLEGE IN PROFILE

Approximately one out of every four students starting college in the United States last fall entered a two-year educational institution. Pittsfield's response to the need for a two-year college within commuting distance of students' homes has been Berkshire Community College. This college will undoubtedly play a large part in the future of many students now attending Pittsfield High School.

Since its inception in 1960, the present quarters on Second Street have assumed an air of activity and intellectual curiosity seldom found in institutions of public higher education. This is perhaps due to the acquisition of a competent staff and faculty headed by Thomas E. O'Connell, originally director and now president of Berkshire Community College. The faculty and staff comprises twenty-six full time and nine part-time teachers. B.C.C. has *proved* that a new, small community college can build a first-rate faculty.

Mr. O'Connell has stated, "The success which Berkshire Community College has achieved in its short life so far has been due to two advantages the college has: economy and flexibility. As to economy: It is less expensive for the state to run a two-year non-residential college and it is much less expensive for a student to attend such a college. As to flexibility: the college's transfer and occupational programs offer a variety of avenues for high school graduates to take in pursuing their college careers." The truthfulness of this statement is exemplified by the fact that total costs at B.C.C. for a year are approximately \$390. The tuition is \$200 and the remainder is divided between books (\$150), student activities (\$25) and miscellaneous fees (\$15). The fruits of these expenditures can be had in various *curriculums*.

Courses in the *Liberal Arts Transfer* program parallel first and second year liberal arts courses in universities, including pre-professional courses in nursing and teaching. The *Electrical Technology Curriculum* is terminal; that is, it is designed to prepare students to be electrical technicians within industry. It consists of technical courses integrated with laboratory work, lectures and demonstrations. The *Business Curriculum* includes three programs: Executive Secretary and Business Administration in both a terminal and transfer capacity. These programs are planned for students who aspire to careers in the business world. The *General Studies Curriculum* serves those seeking a two-year Associate degree or those undecided on their choice of a career. The success of the transfer courses is demonstrated by the fact that 111 students transferred from B.C.C. to four-year colleges where they are reported to be doing better than those students enrolled originally at these colleges.

In a recent talk with Michael Angelo, a 1964 Pittsfield High graduate and a present freshman at B.C.C., inquiry was made into the personal nature of matriculating at the Community College. He stated that this was education in a much more liberal atmosphere. The student-teacher relationship was on a more personal basis. The classes were conducted more in the form of a discussion than that of a lecture. He also admitted that the homework was much heavier but interestingly enough hardly ever written in nature. The college community is knitted together by many student activities sponsored through the Student Government.

B.C.C. has more than *proved* its worth in shaping the careers and futures of the younger generations of the City of Pittsfield. With the prospect of newer and larger quarters in the near future, success will be even greater for the first college in the immediate area.

SCHOOL NOTES

SENIOR CLASS ELECTIONS

On October 22 the Senior Class elected the following students as officers of their class: President, Baxter Lane; Boys' vice-president, Brian Kellogg; Girls' vice-president, Patricia Johnston; secretary, Susan Morley; treasurer, Dennis Capitanio; and assistant treasurer, Karen Bonnivier.

SENIOR COMMITTEES

The Senior Class Council has elected the following seniors as co-chairmen of the various activities: Nancy Ziskind and Jeffrey Nicholson, Christmas Program; Alice Simon and Peter Seremet, Christmas Decorations; Judith Congress and George Davis, Class Play; Mary Jane Ferrero and Robert Moyer, Cap and Gown; Marilyn Cox and James Nagle, Class Day; Rosemary Brown and John Callan, Senior Banquet; and Darlene Shaver and Gene Curletti, Senior Prom.

SENIOR CLASS COUNCIL

The following have been elected to the Senior Class Council for this year: Richard Francoeur, Anthony Contenta, Robert Huskins, Clyde Kenyon, Frank Prezwoznik, Richard Russo, Ray Dean, James Lebraie, Raymond Millard, Gerald Guarda, Richard Adler, Nick Boos, John Callan, Richard Casucci, Eugene Curletti, Michael Doolan, and David Farrar.

Also elected were Keith Gagne, Gary Hyding, Ronald Kasuba, Michael Leahy, Edward McConnell, Robert Moyer, Robert Nesbit, Bruce Powell, Robert Risly, Stephen Rosenbaum, Peter Seremet, James Treat, Michael Wechter, John Young, William Stanhope, Sandra Clark, Pamela Argentiono, Pat Blair, Rosemary Brown, Joanne Ciliberti, Patricia Coughlin, Robenna Demary, Mary

Jane Ferrero, Donna Giftos, Sara Hutchings, Linda Keene, JoAnn Marchetti, Susan Lazarus, Kerry Meehan, Mary Nelson, Geraldine Petruzella, Diane Quirk, Sheila Ryan, Alice Simon, Janice Tower, Deborah Wells, Nancy Ziskind, and Jacqueline Stapleberg.

PEP CLUB

The members of the Pep Club have chosen the following students as their representatives: seniors, Dominic Caparello and Susan Morley; juniors, William Bannick and Maureen Mooney; sophomores, James Curley and Kathy Polidoro.

THE RALLY DANCE

Friday night, November 6th, a rally dance for the P.H.S.-St. Joe game was held at the Girls Club. The cheerleaders from both schools decorated the hall with clever murals depicting the outcome of the game. Needless to say, the St. Joe drawings were quite prophetic.

A capacity crowd funnelled its way into the Girls Club at eight o'clock, and despite the exhausting heat, remained until eleven. These local rivals were about equally represented, and the school spirit generated by the loyal students who attended was simply amazing. Each school had a spokesman who voiced his opinion as to the outcome of the game. Mitch Borawski spoke on behalf of St. Joe's team, while Jim (Demosthenes) Nagle upheld the purple and the white—at least until Saturday afternoon that is.

Coach Gleason took a short time out from practice to come to the dance and deliver a speech. Everybody danced, watched the cheerleaders perform, and left with the hope that their team would win. As the old Brooklyn Dodgers used to say: "Wait till next year!"

ST. JOE RALLY

P.H.S. BEAT ST. JOE! Although this prophesy didn't come true, it was no reflection on the hard working students who tried to incite spirit at the "Rally" on November 6.

The students of P.H.S. were paid their annual visit by the "ambassadors" of good will—"The St. Joseph's Cheerleaders." Then the P.H.S. varsity cheerleaders, accompanied by nine senior boys, took their positions along the aisles to lead the audience in our rendition of "The Saints."

Although that fateful Saturday proved to be defeat for the "Generals," we are all proud of the fine job they did throughout the season.

NATIONAL MERIT SEMI-FINALISTS

THE STUDENT'S PEN wishes to extend its congratulations to the sixteen students chosen as National Merit semi-finalists.

Richard Adler has been in math and science honors for three years. As a junior he was on the Junior Prom decorating committee, in L'il Abner, and a member of the Math Club. He is a member of the Pep Club, the Rally Committee, the History Committee of *The Dome*, and co-editor of *Alumni Notes* of THE PEN.

Gail Brogan is in English honors. She is the Art Editor of *The Dome* and the Essay Editor of THE PEN. Her other activities in school include being a member of the Creative Art Club. After graduation Gail would like to go to Smith College to study creative writing.

Daniel Cianfarini is taking Advanced Placement Biology. In his own words, his outside interests are "nothing specific." However, he is president of the altar boys at All Souls' Church, and his chief hobbies are music and reading. He hopes to attend Williams College and become a research biologist.

Greg Clark is carrying both math and biology honors. He is in the band, the Creative Art and Writing Club and a member of the Boys' Sports committee of *The Dome*. In addition he was a finalist in the Teleuride Scholarship Contest last year, was a repre-

sentative to Boys' State, and is President of his Fellowship at South Congregational Church.

Francine Duda is enrolled in the Advanced Placement Biology course. She has been active in the G.A.A. for three years, serving as a board member in her junior year and as treasurer this year. She is sports' co-editor of THE PEN, is on the current events staff of *In General*, and a member of the Honors staff of *The Dome*.

Gordon Duff is in both biology and math honors. Like Greg Clark, he is also a finalist in the Telluride Program. He is a member of the band and dance band. A member of the Boys' Sports Committee of *The Dome*, Gordon is on the track and soccer teams.

Ruthann Fessenden has been in math honors for three years and science honors in her sophomore year. This year, as in the past two years, she is a member of the Pep Club and G.A.A. During her free time she teaches swimming at the Girls Club. She plans to attend the University of Mass. next fall.

Daniel McMorris is in chemistry honors. He is a member of the chorus and was in the wrestling matches last year. Outside of school he is a member of his church fellowship and enjoys music and cave exploring. Daniel hopes to attend Cornell or Purdue University with a major in chemistry.

James Nagle is in honors English. He is one of the associate editors of THE PEN and is also on the staff of *The Dome*. He plans to attend Williams College where he will study journalism.

Richard Partridge is taking three honors—math, chemistry, and history. His activities include Junior Achievement, the advertising staff of THE PEN and *In General*, Chess Club, and Math Club. He hopes to attend M.I.T. and become an electrical engineer.

Theda Politis has been in English and history honors. She participates in the Pep Club, G.A.A., and the essay department of THE PEN. Also she is on the staff of *The Dome*. Currently she is president of Sigma Tri-Hi-Y



NATIONAL MERIT SEMI-FINALISTS. Left to right: first row, Stephen Rosenbaum, Theda Politis, Ruthann Fessenden, Gordon Duff; second row, Bennett Sandick, Francine Duda, Gail Brogan, Greg Clark; third row, Daniel Cianfarini, Richard Partridge, Mark Schlawn, James Nagle; fourth row, Richard Adler, James Weslowski, Peyton Townes, and Daniel McMorris.

and a member of the Music School Orchestra. Teddy plans to go to a Liberal Arts College.

Stephen Rosenbaum is in the Advanced Placement Biology Course. He was on the Junior and Senior Election Committees, is in the band and the orchestra, is co-editor of the language page of THE PEN and is the Business Manager of *The Dome*. A member of the Creative Art and Writing Club, he is also a member of the Senior Class Council.

Bennett Sandick took the N.M.S.Q.T. at Hotchkiss School which he attended last year. He has three honor subjects, English, math, and chemistry. His hobbies include collecting Palestine mandate stamps and is an amateur radioist. Bennett plans to go to Columbia University and major in engineering.

Mark Schlawn is in physics and math honors. He is editor of Short Stories of THE PEN, a member of the Y.M.C.A., Chess Club, and Creative Art and Writing Club.

His interest lies in music and studies piano and cello at Pittsfield Community Music School.

Peyton Towns has been in English honors for three years. As a junior he was on the Junior Prom Program Committee, and this year is a homeroom representative. He is on the staffs of *The Dome*, *In General*, and THE STUDENT'S PEN. He is also a member of the band.

James Weslowski is participating in math and physics honors. His activities include Junior Achievement, Pep Club, and Math Club. After graduation he plans to attend M.I.T. to become a physicist.

Sign seen on a table at the Friendly:

If you're the type who douses his cigarettes in the coffee cup, kindly tell the waiter. He'll serve your coffee in an ash tray.

FEATURES

CHRISTMAS WISHES

BILL BRODERICK—Pogo Stick so that he'll be sure to get over the parking meters.

BILL DALIGIAN—Directions to the Wendell Boys Room so that he won't make another mistake.

BOBBY PINNSONEAULT—A pair of sneakers for his new puppy.

EMO—A new front tooth.

MOE MOONEY—An amputation of her second toe.

BILL BLAKE—Some "Jade East" of his own.

THE MOYNAHAN BROTHERS—Cover Girl makeup to hide their blushes.

CATHY SLOCUM—Someone to lean on in case of attack.

GAIL DANCKERT—Lessons on how to do the Monkey.

CATHY GILMARTIN—A map of Partridge Road so she won't get stuck in some out of the way place.

MARY LAVELLE—Her coat back from Goodwill.

JOAN BILIA—More songs to cry over.

DAVE SPERLONGA—Less freckles than his sister, Donna.

SUE ANDERSON—An adult to accompany her to the museum.

RUSTY—The "Dale Carnegie Course" for making speeches.

PETE VACCHINA—A "Baldy" so everyone will stop feeling his hair.

P.H.S. GIRLS—Pockets to give to Ray Millard

BRUCE MALONE—A name tag to distinguish him from his brother, Bob.

JIMMY MASSACANI—A lucky streak at the races.

MARY GIANNONE—To join Tommy's band.

KAREN BONNIVIER—One Friday night without grocery shopping.

CAROL GIGLIOTI—A real horse so she won't have to use a chair.

PEGGY HOESKE—A higher level course because the one she is taking is a "cinch."

BARB GEFFRION—A suitcase to carry all her medicine and other little items.

CHRISTMAS CAROLS

Every year P.H.S. lends its joyous voices to caroling—even though our meanings might be a little bit different from the original.

1. Jingle Bells—Will 3rd lunch ever come?

2. O Come, All Ye Faithful—

Honest! Hockey games are really lots of fun!

3. God Rest ye Merry, Gentlemen!—

To our football team, now it's the basketball boys' turn.

4. Joy to the World—

Vacation starts today!

5. I'm Dreaming of a White Xmas—by the ski team, and our many ski buffs.

6. Jingle Bell Rock—

The Boys' Club Dances.

7. Silent Night—slumber party.

8. Hark, the Herald Angels Sing—

to our choraleers.

9. These 3 Kings from Orient Are—

Mr. Hennessy, Mr. McKenna, Mr. Coughlin

10. Deck the Halls—

Is that what those lines of boys have been doing?

11. All I Want for Xmas is my Two Front Teeth—by Al Cook

12. It Came Upon a Midnight Clear—

Yup, still doing homework.

CHRISTMAS READING

Here are some good books to curl up with next to a fireplace. If you don't appreciate them, you can always throw them in.

1. "How to Cheat on Your College Boards" by the National Merit Semi-Finalists.

2. "Romeo and Juliet" by Tommy Grieve and Kathy Conry.

3. "Nine Ways to Cure Laryngitis" by the Jayvee Cheerleaders.

4. "And Who is My Next Victim?" by Miss Rhoades.

5. "Humbug" by Mr. Blowe.

6. "Our Town" by the Students after a victory.

7. "How to Forge Deficiencies" by Greg Clark and Franny Duda.

8. "The Proper Way to Eat Standing Up" by all the Students.

9. "Great Expectations" by the Ski Team.

10. "How Not to Decorate a Christmas Tree" by the Lobby Decorating Committee.

11. "Nineteen Eighty-Four" by Jimmy Nagle—(My year of Graduation!)

12. "Catch Her in the Eye" by the checkout lines.

13. "Brave New World" by the Sophomores.

14. "How to Waste Three Minutes of Your Life" by the authors of this column.

CASEY'S COLUMN

That marvelous holiday season, Christmas vacation, is almost here. It's about time. I think everyone needs a rest—especially those certain people I've been hearing about . . . Dom definitely should recuperate from the mad rushing he's been giving the sophomore girls . . . John Finn hasn't been behaving himself. Not only does he get locked out-doors in the middle of the night but he wishes the cheerleaders well. Well, John? . . . The Loveless twins have been compared to the chemical symbols for iron—they're getting so they don't know what their names are, right, Norm? . . . A warning to Paula DiCarlo—you'd better be careful of those tiddly winks in biology . . . I guess the California sun wasn't warm enough for Colleen. Welcome home . . . Really, Marcel, don't you think you could manage a class now and

then? . . . We understand that certain sophomore boys have declared war on certain senior girls! . . . locking them into lockers, even . . . And what about the boys at first lunch with the circle treatment—very embarrassing for the girl . . . Not to be missed—Pat Litano's recitation of French poetry at a special assembly . . . Isn't it strange how fire drills always seem to come during sixth-period trig tests? . . . Mike Alessio—strike three and you're out of study hall! . . . What's this about one of our football players "just leaning" on a desk in music class and breaking it? How about it, Bill? . . . Mr. Fazio and Miss McMahon now carry fire extinguishers in fifth period study . . . Karen Saucin thinks the junior elbows are pretty tough . . . Congratulations "Lane Baxter" . . . The excitement of the Brockton game turned Kris's head—she found herself in the vanquished team's locker room . . . Who is Mitch's secret admirer? . . . Half the kids in the school have their skiing expressions on their faces . . . Is Jeff Hines really turning into a modified Rit? . . . We hear Bob Nault is keeping time with Mickey Mouse . . . For some unknown reason, Mr. Brophy makes his students seethe—however, Eileen has managed to seethe quietly so far . . . Sorry, Deb, I don't take bribes. Guess I'll just have to tell all about your mad crush on Ray . . . Well, fans, so long until spring has sprung!

Your "pal,"

Sean O'Casey

NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS

JIMMY TREAT—I plan to acknowledge and respect the opinions of Montel.

JOANNE CADERETTE—To get an A++++ in typing.

CAROL STENTIFORD—To break Roger of smoking.

DARLENE SHAVER—Not to speak to Sides.

CHRIS SHARKEY—Not to date any more prep school guys.

SANDEE SMITH—To stay out of the rain.

JOE MOORE—Gonna let Whit drive.

BILLY DRURY—To smoke where I won't get caught.

JOE FABINO—To wear my own jacket at football games.

MIKE MASSACONI—Pitch 2 no-hitters against St. Joe this year.

GEORGE FULGINITE—To take the black paint off the gold plating of the Dome.

JANIS SIDES—Not to talk to any more old men.

BILL STANHOPE—To get my diploma.

RUTHANN FESSENDEN—To get a new pencil sharpener for Room 239.

SUE MORLEY—To make Kellogg's "Special K" part of my daily diet.

HELEN KITTLER—To do away with my 5 month romances.

HOW TO TAKE NOTES

The art of note-taking is not easily acquired. In fact, very few individuals are born with this innate ability, unfortunately. We here-with offer some simple advice to those students for whom notetaking is a tedious labor.

1) First of all—be happy! smile! It really isn't that bad.

2) One should always have a pack of sharpened pencils and a neat stack of notecards handy—it looks good.

Note—Notecards are good because they are easier to lose than notebooks.

2. It is most important to write down *all* that your teacher says. Words like "a, an, and the" occur frequently in every lecture—learn their spelling.

3. If at first you fail to comprehend what the teacher is saying, politely request that he repeat. If you don't understand the second time—forget it.

4. You should devise your own method of shorthand to improve your speed in note-taking. Try hieroglyphics.

5. Don't pay any attention to all the above rules. We've tried them, and we still get F's.

IDEAL SOPHOMORE—Girl

Hair—Paula Boos

Smile—Sue Norton

Eyes—Marilyn Buckwalter

Figure—Barb Dastoli

Clothes—Barb Dastoli

Beauty—Alane Guitian

Brains—Regina Olchowski

Sociability—Pat Flynn

Humor—Candy Grieve

Versatility—Joyce Martin

IDEAL SOPHOMORE—Boy

Hair—Ray Simo

Smile—Danny Kitterman

Eyes—David Lanfair

Build—Mike Connor

Clothes—King Barbalunga

Looks—Don Marchetto

Brains—Morris Koepal

Sociability—Jim Curly

Humor—Jim Curly

Versatility—Shaun Harrington

IDEAL SOPHOMORE—CROSBY GIRL

Hair—Linda Phelps

Eyes—Sandra Harney

Smile—Pat Kowalczyk

Figure—Sandra Harney

Clothes—Lorraine Sage

Beauty—Lorraine Sage

Brains—Anne Wetzal

Versatility—Pat Kowalczyk

Humor—Theresa Borden

IDEAL SOPHOMORE—CROSBY BOY

Hair—Dennis Healy

Eyes—Steve Mole

Smile—William Hermanski

Build—Tony Gibson

Clothes—Larry Hunt

Looks—William Hermanski

Brains—Brian Keegan

Versatility—Marc Roulier

Humor—Tony Jakacky

Highway Sign: "If you get careless, your present car could last you a lifetime."

BOYS' SPORTS

THE FOOTBALL SEASON

When the whistle blew opening the 1964 football season, P.H.S. came forward with a relatively inexperienced team. Aside from a few seasoned veterans and an established quarterback, they were forced to depend on several promising sophomores.

Ignoring the inexperience factor, P.H.S. ran off six straight victories before finally losing. With a tremendous display of courage, spirit, and desire, P.H.S. overcame a deficit against Springfield Tech to win, and then proceeded to dispose of highly regarded Eastern Mass. powers, New Bedford and Brockton.

After finally losing to Adams, P.H.S. went through grueling preparations for the St. Joe game only to meet with bitter disappointment.

This '64 team deserves warm congratulations for its play. Following the loss to St. Joe, a fan remarked to Co-Captain Bill Stanhope, that St. Joe won on breaks. Bill, though heartbroken, answered, "No, we did our best, but they played really well."

We'll go along with a team that has that kind of courage and poise anytime!

P.H.S. SOCCER

Pittsfield High put a soccer team on the field for the first time this year. Coach Gione says that the team has done very well although they lost many games. All of the teams played were experienced with either one or more years of play and moved the ball a little better and were able to capitalize on their opportunities, which were very few considering those of the Purple team.

Coach Gionet is losing many starting seniors due to graduation but he feels that there is a strong base of juniors from which to build next year. He also hopes that in the next season more sophomores will come out for the team.

Next year should be far more profitable than this past year, experience wise, and we hope, goal wise.

HOCKEY

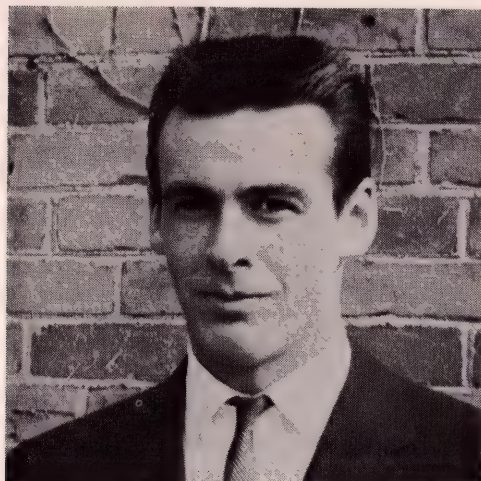
Last year was one of the best for the P.H.S. hockey team, but this year will be even better. Captained by Mike Massaconi and Don Rochelo, two outstanding players of last year's team, the team should have both a strong offense and defense. Coach Blowe has many returning lettermen besides Massaconi and Rochelo. They include Bill Stanhope, goalie, Bob Janes, Don Lucaroni, Mike Curley, Paul Cantarella, Paul Brazeau, and Mike Allesio. Although the team is handicapped by many personnel losses due to graduation or ineligibility, Coach Blowe is looking forward to a more profitable season than last year.

The team, this year, will be a member of the Western Mass. League and will play 9 games in Springfield and 9 home games at the Boys' Club in addition to other exhibition games Coach Blowe may schedule.

SKI REPORT

The returning lettermen to the 1964-1965 ski team are Captain Pete Robbie, John Lovejoy, John Unwin, Jim Garstang, Greg Rusk, and Charles Goodrich. The other members who will make up the team are Bill Dunn, Wolfgang Bach, Craig Fenton, Bill Winslow and Robbie Stimpson. Sophomores and any others who would like to go out for the team are invited to sign up at a date to be announced.

During Coach Benedetti's reign, he has won 4 championships and 2 runner-ups in the Berkshire County Scholastics. As far as his prediction for the coming year goes, he says that "the team should do fairly well." He has our best wishes.



COACH MOYNIHAN SHOOTS FOR N.B.L. TITLE

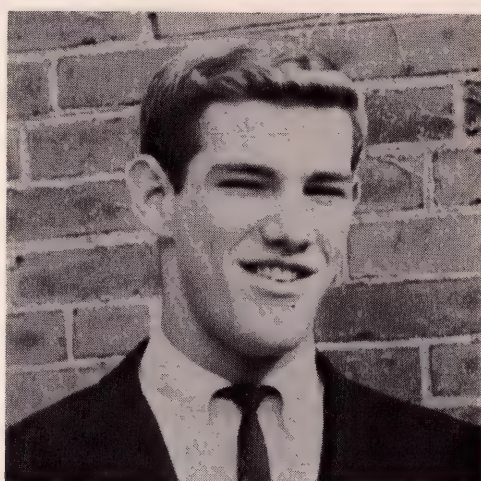
Coach Frank Moynihan, although he has lost all five of last year's starters, has high hopes of winning the Northern Berkshire League basketball title for the second straight year. "Because of our winning tradition," says the Coach, "we'll be strong contenders." Later on he said that with hard work and steady improvement, the team should make a good showing.

Coach Moynihan cites Drury, Adams, and arch-rival St. Joseph's as strong contenders for the title. He also has a rough exhibition slate, which includes some strong Springfield rivals.

The team will be led by Co-Captains Ray Millard and Tommy Grieve. Both saw enough action last year to be considered experienced ball players. Ron Kasuba, John Johnson, Mark Farrell, and Cliff Nilan will return as lettermen from last year's squad.

Coach Moynihan also says that some of last year's J.V. ballplayers have made a marked improvement over the off-season. Some of these ball players are: Mike Smith, Alex Boreili, Ron Kelly, and Tom Fleming. Sophomore prospects should add to the P.H.S. potential.

In the past four years, Coach Moynihan has brought home 3 N.B.L. titles, 2 Berkshire League titles, and one Western Mass. title.



We wish Coach Moynihan and the entire team continued success.

BASKETBALL CO-CAPTAINS

Co-Captains for the P.H.S. Generals varsity basketball team for the 1964-65 season are Tommy Grieve and Ray Millard.

Co-Captain Ray Millard is a senior in the vocational department of P.H.S. Ray is also a starting end on the P.H.S. varsity football team. Last year Ray started in the forecourt for the basketball team in many games. He shoots well from either the outside or from in close and he is also a strong rebounder.

Co-Captain Tom Grieve is a junior in the College Prep curriculum. His scholastic marks rated a credit listing last year. Tommy also competes athletically as starting quarterback on the varsity football team and also on the varsity baseball team as a pitcher and starting centerfielder. As a sophomore Tom was Coach Moynihan's sixth man. He came through in the clutch many times last year. Tommy shoots well from the outside and is especially rugged as a rebounder. Tom often went into action late in the game and came out high man in rebounds during last year's campaign.

We are sure that with Ray Millard and Tommy Grieve as co-captains leading the team, the Generals can't help but have a successful season.

GIRLS' SPORTS

CADETTE FASHION SHOW

On October 27, 1964, the Annual Cadette Fashion Show was held in the P.H.S. auditorium. All the clothes modeled were from the Textile Store of Pittsfield. These "Tops in Teens Fashions" were modeled by eighty-nine girls from P.H.S. These models were; Debbie Butler, Pam Marsten, Marcia Aronstein, Geri Petruzella, Carla Guitan, Linda Foley, Cindy Wanamaker, Gail Danckert, Sally Disbrow, Judy Pirnat, Denise Ferland, Kris Ekland, Janice Viele, Sandra Beitzel, Helen Kittler, Nancigene Gillette, Roberta Harris, Wendy Truran, Pam Head, Sheila Walsh, Helen Zuorski, Paula Ferry, Barbara Coffey, Carole Collins, Carol Paris, Marcia Chiorgno, and Marilyn Buckwater. Also Jean Carmel, Libby Funke, Rosalind Walsh, Michele Sisselman, Karen Wigglesworth, Colleen O'Gara, Jane Sammons, Ginny Boivin, Linda Ricci, Cathy Rainforth, Pam Beehler, Nancy Geoffrian, Chris Sharkey, Janice Tower, Wanda Pittman, Cecily O'Donnell, Marsha Tipper, Sue Anderson, Christine Janas, Carole Selin, Margaret McKane, Rosemary Byrnes, Karen Dastoli, Mary Brady, Pam Munson, Diana Albuquerque, Barbara Dastoli, Lynn Murphy, Chris Finn, Gloria Stewart, Lynda Person, Kathy Porter, and Chris Race. Also, Kerry Meehan, Paula Boos, Judy Nave, Maureen Hanzarak, Jeanne Parisi, Kathy Slocum, Candy Havener, Pam Argentino, Diane Ferrero, Carol McMahon, Maryann Giddings, Linda Kresque, Alane Guitan, Nancy Goodpastor, Diane Williams, Donna Walto, Chris Sawicki, Jean Kulas, Janis Sides, Kathie Wine-man, Ruth Fessenden, Carol Schreck, Rosemary Crawford, Grace Hubbard, Charlene Simo, Lorraine Sage, Kathy Gilmartin, Linda Roberts, and Carol Coppola.

The door prize was a Bermuda Cruise for two; other prizes were given to those who sold the most tickets.

FIELD HOCKEY

Field hockey season has ended, and with banged ankles, raw knuckles, and runny noses, the senior girls have emerged victorious after a hard-fought battle with the juniors and sophomores. For the seniors, Patti Johnston, Chris Eulian, Cathy Rainforth and Linda Ramsey were outstanding, while Barb Conti, Kathy Hill, Joanne Iwanowicz, and Jerry Geer played well for the juniors. The sophomores, notably Margo McGowan, Kim Douglas, Barb Walcott, Donna Walto, and Pam Turner, surprised everyone with their speed and ability. The other members of the teams, all of whom played well and showed good sportsmanship are: Seniors—Sue Anderson, Deanna Bianco, Jo Cadorette, Diane Curley, Fran Duda, Marguerite Geer, Helen Majchrowski, and Teddy Politis; Juniors—Julie Battaini, Arlene Florczyk, Peggy Hoeske, Dolores Lancia, Linda Procopio, Pam Unwin, and Cindy Wanamaker; Sophomores—Linda Carlon, Pat Koza; Rosemary Jackson, Ann Majchrowski, Joyce Martin, Beverly Rainforth, and Jane Sammons. We hope to see these juniors and sophomores plus many more coming out again next year for this sport that is competitive, action-filled—and lots of fun.

G.A.A. CONFERENCE

The Annual Girls' Athletic Association Conference was held early in December at Pittsfield High School. Girls representing schools and athletic associations from all over Berkshire County attended and were cordially greeted by our own G.A.A. board and officers. A dinner was served in the cafeteria, during which the girls discussed the activities of their respective G.A.A.'s. A lively and spirited game of volleyball followed the meal. This conference gave the girls a chance to exchange ideas and plans of their associations and it sparked interest in the formation of G.A.A.'s at schools where none existed.



SENIOR CADETTE OFFICERS. Left to right: Pat Coughlin, Margaret Plante, Sue Carmell, Nancy Brown, and Pam Beehler.

SENIOR CADETTE OFFICERS

These girls are the five senior officers of our wonderful group of Cadettes who practice long and hard to uphold their outstanding traditions, i.e. adding more school spirit to P.H.S. and bringing credit to her at all times.

Sue Carmell is a member of G.A.A., of the Pep Club, of the Orchestra, and of the subscription staff of *THE STUDENT'S PEN*. She is editor of Clubs of *In General* and is on the Student Council. She was on the Junior Class Council and the Junior Prom decorating committee.

Nancy Brown is a senior homeroom representative. She was on the Junior Prom decorating committee and is a member of both G.A.A. and Pep Club. Nancy's future plans include attending a two year business school.

Margaret Plante has been a member of G.A.A. and the Pep Club for the past three years. She was on the Junior Class Council and is a senior homeroom representative. She plans to make nursing her career.

Pat Coughlin is the Editor-in-Chief of *In General* and a member of the senior class

council, G.A.A. and Pep Club. Last year she was co-chairman of the Junior Prom.

Pam Beehler is the senior cadette manager. She is a homeroom representative, on the Student Council, a co-editor of the Faculty staff of *The Dome*, a member of Pep Club, G.A.A. and the staff of *In General*. Last year she was on the Junior Prom committee, Junior Class Council, the ring committee, the Goodwill committee and in the class play. Pam also was the chairman for the annual Cadette Fashion Show.

J.V. CHEERLEADERS

Near the end of October, small groups of junior girls, scattered on the fields in back of P.H.S., were seen practicing very hard for the cheerleading try-outs with the varsity cheerleaders. These try-outs were held on Thursday, October 29. Of the forty-five girls who tried out, only nine could receive the honor of becoming J.V. cheerleaders.

We offer our congratulations to these junior girls: Mary Brady, Kathy Conry, JoAnn Duff, Denise Ferland, Chris Belland, Alice McNerney, Maureen Mooney, Sandy Mul-lany and Kathy Porter.

LANGUAGES

PATER CHRISTMAS

Cavete, omnes liberi! Pater Christmas mox veniet qui liberis bonis dona dabit. Pater Saturnalia est vir jucundissimus, qui tempore Christmas omnes pueros et puellas laetos facit. Suae vestes sunt purpureae, sed sordidae fiunt cum de camino labitur. Pater Saturnalia curru it, tractum duodecim cervis. In curru multa pulcherrima praemia sunt, quae optimi liberi vespere ante Saturnalia accipient. Vix, optimam diem exspectant quae laetissima dies anni liberis est. Omnes liberi praemia non accipiunt, quod aliqui mali sunt. Pater Saturnalia omnes amat, sed liberos bonos optime amat, et soli ea dona accipiunt. Parentes laeti sunt cum suos liberos ludentes cum crepundiis videant. Homines, qui in via ambulant, strepitus magnos audient, et scient omnes pueros et puellas Romae laetos esse. Super, Pater Christmas discedit curru et cervis, iens ad suam domum, ubi tempestas frigida est et dies longi totum annum sunt.

LES BOIS EN HIVER

Quand j'étais petit garçon, je passais mes vacances d'hiver sur la ferme de mon grand-père. J'aimais beaucoup à faire des promenades dans ses bois. Il y avait plusieurs bois et mon bois favori était celui qui bordait le paturage.

J'y allais toujours seul et je m'amusais bien. La neige gresillait sous mes pas et je me donnais beaucoup de peine en chemin. Quelquefois je frolais un sapin et la neige me tombait sur la tête. La neige étincelait comme s'il y avait un million de diamants. Je prenais grand plaisir à jeter en des poignées de neige et à les voir étinceler en tombant.

Ma promenade finissait toujours quand j'arrivais au ruisseau. Quelquefois la glace le couvrait sauf à quelques endroits. Bien des fois j'ai fait des boules de neige et je les ai jetées dans le petit cours d'eau. J'aimais à

toucher les bords de la glace de sorte qu'elle se cassait et flottait au loin.

Parfois il commençait à neiger et je courais à travers les bois car je ne voulais pas m'égarer. Quand je retournais à la maison, ma grandmère me donnait une tasse de chocolat chaud.

Zur Weihnachtszeit dekorieren wir den Vorraum unserer Schule mit einem grossen Tannenbaum. Er ist so schwer, dass viele Junge ihn in die Schule bringen müssen und so hoch, dass man eine Leiter braucht um den Stern auf die Spitze zu setzen. Er riecht frisch und sauber, aber die Nadel stechen uns die Finger, wenn wir sie berühren. Wenn wir grüne und rote Lichte anstellen, ist es der schönste Tannenbaum in dem Welt.

COSMOPOLITAN CHRISTMAS

Perhaps, Christmas is one of the world's most cosmopolitan holidays, for it is celebrated in some form in all parts of the globe. The location is of little consequence, for the Christmas spirit pervades all over the world, making language barriers non-existent, and Christmas a Holiday for everyone to celebrate. Test your knowledge on these questions—Are you as Well-Versed as Christmas in The Ways of the World?

I. In America, it's the Christmas Tree, but in Germany we call it . . .

II. Here we have grab-bags in which we exchange small gifts, but in Mexico, the children strike a papier mache animal, the . . .

III. While in Rome, do as the Romans do, and so, "O Come All Ye Faithful" becomes . .

IV. In Paris, everyone shouts . . .As a greeting to friends during the Christmas holidays.

V. Caesar Would Have Called Father Christmas . . .

VI. In Deutschland it's not Christmas but . . .

VII. Puer Romanus non Canit "We Three Kings" sed . . .

VIII. Fritz und Helga Singen "Silent Night" oder vi . . .

IX. To any Frenchman, it's not a Nativity Scene but a . . .

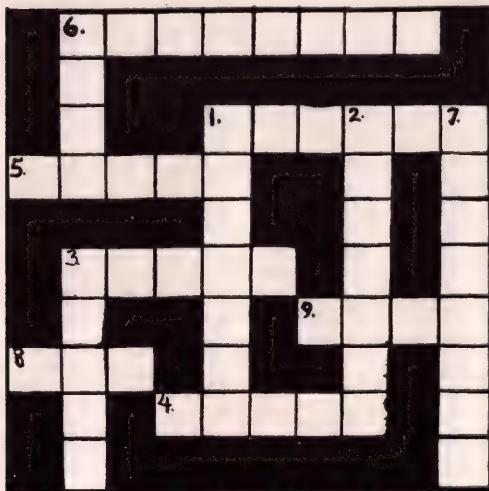
X. Pablo y Maria Cantan "O Holy Night" . . .

Answers

1. Der Tannenbaum
2. Pinata
3. Adeste Fideles
4. Joyeux Noel
5. Pater Saturnalia
6. Weinachten
7. Nos, Tres Reges
8. Stille Nacht
9. Creche
10. O Noche Sacre

LATIN CROSSWORD PUZZLE

- | Across | Down |
|--------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| 1 fight Gen. sing. | 1 The Perfect Indicative of to carry |
| 3 the enemy Abl. sing. | 2 messenger Nom. sing. |
| 4 end Nom. sing. | 3 winter |
| 5 to praise | 6 deep fem. Nom. sing. |
| 6 animal Nom. P. | 7 army Abl. sing. |
| 8 six | |
| 9 the root word for fish | |

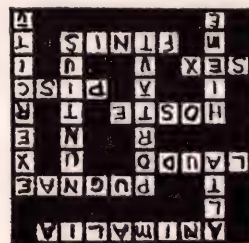


THE TEN BESTSELLING NOVELS: ROME ?? A.D.

Although we study in Latin Caesar's "Commentaries on the Gallic Wars," Cicero's "Orations," and Vergil's "Aenied," there are many other Latin works which we would find of more interest written by these authors and their contemporaries.

- I. QUOMODO OBTINERE AMICOS—
ab Catilina
- II. CAVE VIPERAM—ab Cleopatra
- III. QUOMODO DICERE BREVITER
ET CLARE—ab Cicerone
- IV. AURES AD VENDENDUM—ab
Marco Antonio
- V. EST FALSUM FLAVAS MAGIS
OBLECTARE—ab Cleopatra
- VI. SUM PRIMUS NARRATOR ELE-
PHANTORUM JOCORUM—ab Han-
nibal
- VII. UT SEMPER DICO IN OMNI VER-
SU, SUM MAXIMUS—ab Aenea
- VIII. CIRCULUS—ab Primo Triumvirato
- IX. NUMQUAM CREDITE RATO-
FINKO—ab Dido

1. How to Win Friends—by Catiline
- II. Beware of the Asp—by Cleopatra
- III. How to Speak Briefly and Clearly—by
Cicero
- IV. Ears for Sale—by Mark Antony
- V. It's False Blonds Have More Fun—by
Cleopatra
- VI. I am the First Teller of Elephant Jokes—
by Hannibal.
- VII. As I Always Say in Every Line, I'm
the Greatest—by Aeneas
- VIII. The Group—by the 1st Triumvirate
- IX. Never Believe a Rat-Fink—by Dido



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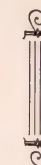
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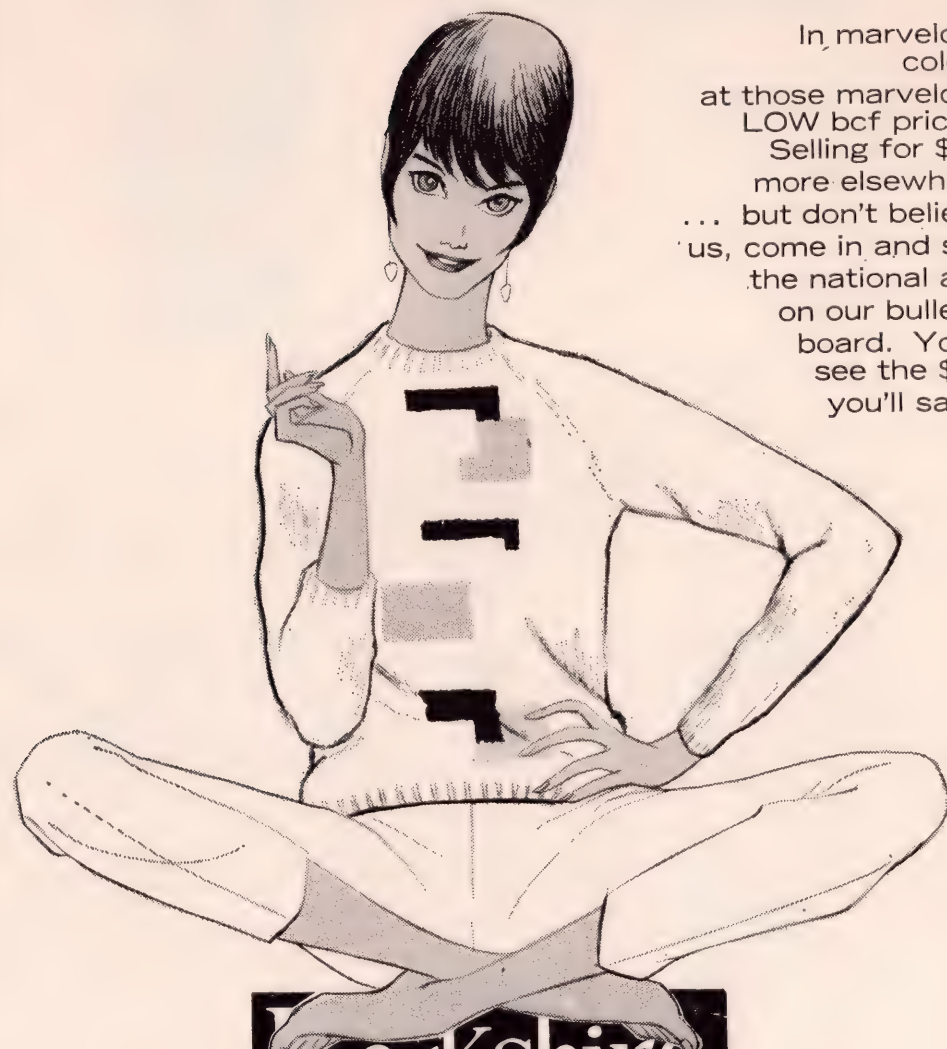
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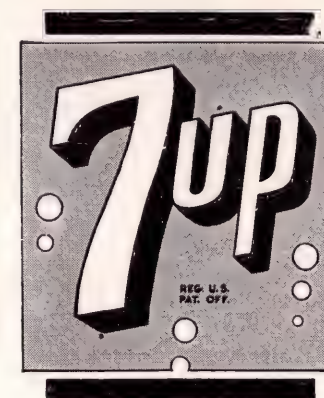
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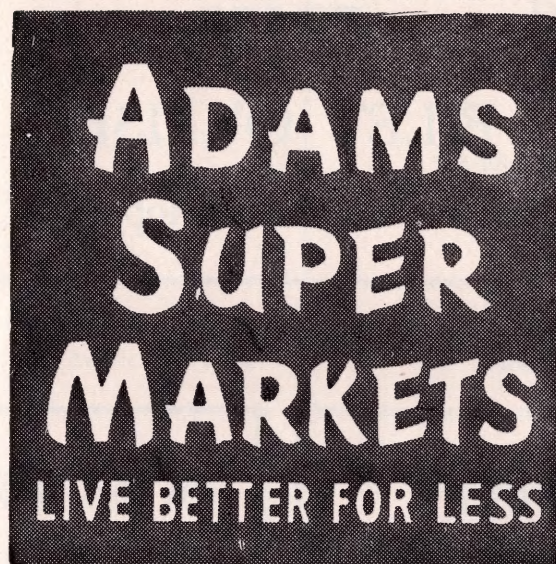
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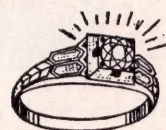
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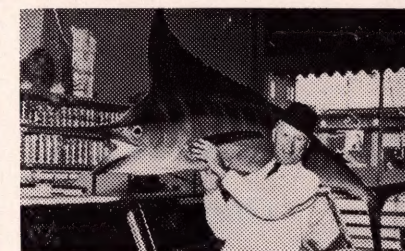
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Denny: A Persian to Persian call.

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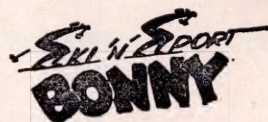
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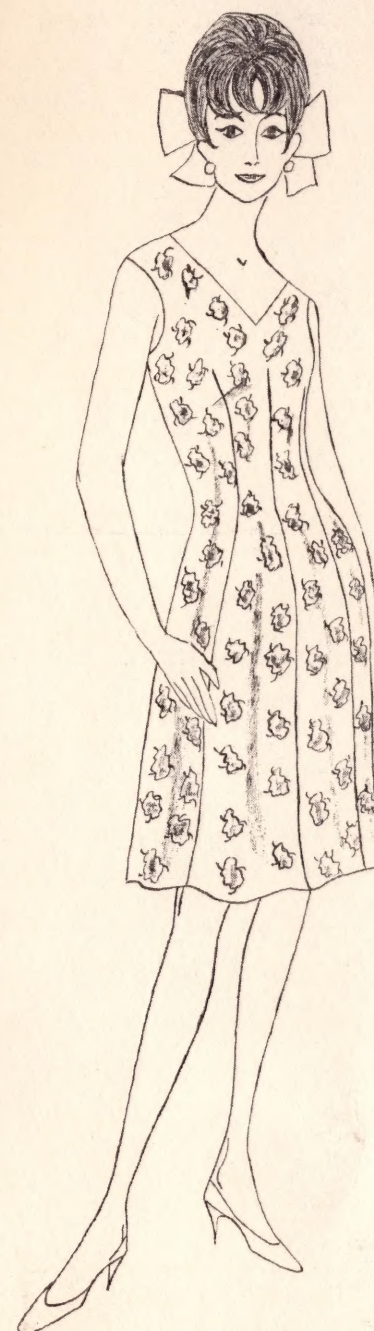
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